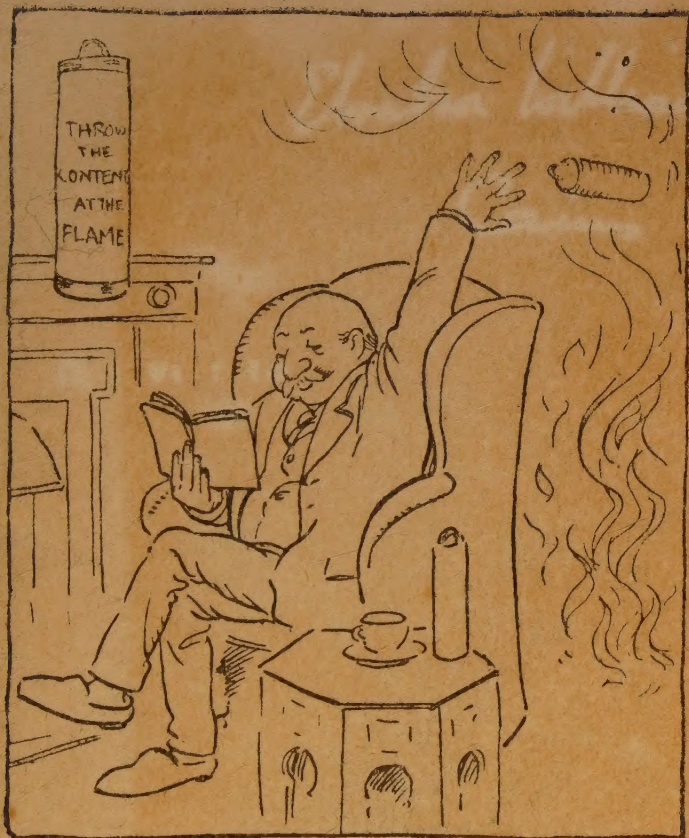


Elwathor Williams
Cain

12 : vi : 10



The LITTLE THROW-BACK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

GO ON READING
KEEP COOL——

If Velasquez had dragged in Chesterton



IF

A Nightmare in the Conditional Mood

By the Authors of
"Wisdom While You Wait,"
"Hustled History," &c., &c.

With Illustrations by George Morrow

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

1908

First Review

"Much virtue in If."

—*Shakespeare.*

Dedication

THIS INGENIOUS WORK, SO MANY
OF WHOSE SPECULATIONS ARE IN
THE AIR, IS ADMIRINGLY DEDI-
CATED TO THE TWO PERSONALITIES
OF THE DAY MOST FRAUGHT WITH
MYSTERIOUS POSSIBILITY — THE
BROTHERS WRIGHT,

IF

THEY WILL HAVE IT.

C.L.G.

G.M.

E.V.L.

CHATEAU D'IF,

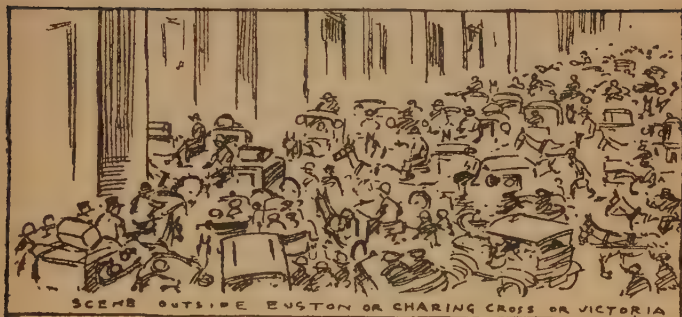
November 5, 1903.

If the Mountain had Come to Mahomet



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If everything were known



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If everything were known



THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU

Whether your Age is

5 or 500

We can teach you
to be

An Electrical
Engineer

A Chauffeur . . .

A Lighthouse
Keeper

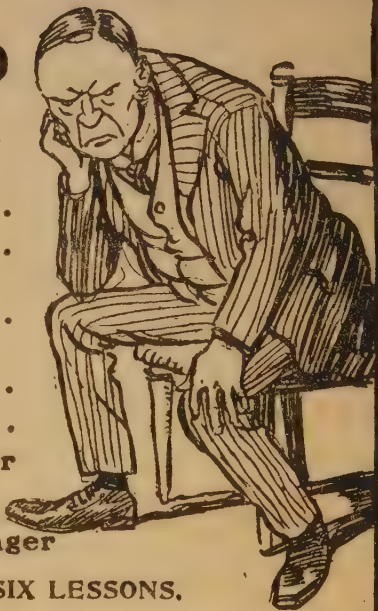
A Cabinet
Minister

A Dog Fancier ..

A Snow Shoveller

A Barrister ..

An Acting Manager



IN SIX LESSONS.

Don't Despair so long as you have
15s. to send us.

The New Cabinet

<i>Prime Minister</i> . . .	Wells
<i>First Lord of Treasury</i> .	Chiozza Money
<i>Juggins and Bottle Dept.</i> .	Grayson
<i>Postmaster-General</i> . .	Webb
<i>India</i>	Keir Hardie
<i>Foreign Affairs</i> . . .	Will Crooks
<i>Secretary for Wales</i> . .	Snowdon
„ „ <i>Ireland</i> . . .	Shaw
„ „ <i>Scotland</i> . . .	Macdonald
<i>Board of Trade</i>	Winston Churchill
<i>Chancellor of Exchequer</i> .	Lloyd-George
<i>Local Government Board</i> .	Will Thorne
<i>War</i>	Blatchford
<i>Home Office</i>	Jack Williams
<i>Duchess of Lancaster</i> . .	Mrs. Sidney Webb

The Ministerial Banquets

Sumptuous Repasts

THE customary Ministerial *prix-fixe* Banquets were held last night. The Prime Minister (Mr. H. G. Wells) entertained sumptuously a large and distinguished company at Downing Street, when the menu, which is compulsorily

kept within two shillings, consisted of Scotch broth, soused mackerel, boiled beef and milk pudding. Three pennyworth of claret was allowed to each guest.

Lucullus up-to-date

At the Foreign Office, where forty covers were laid, Mr. Will Crooks's guests were regaled on a sumptuous repast of cow's heel, whelks, tripe and onions, and banana fritters. The guests denied themselves alcohol with their meal in order to secure a delightful *petit verre* of Emu Brandy with their coffee extract.

Rabbity Revels

The bill of fare arranged by Mr. Jack Williams at the Home Office was even more inviting and very wonderful at the price, the *pièce de résistance* being a magnificent rabbit pasty, while the *entremets* included ginger pudding and a *bombe*. The dessert consisted of Barcelona nuts and blood oranges. Only one wine was served, but that was the finest Cassowary Claret.

Unthinkables

If Peeresses Married Pierrots
If Grayson were Funny
If Salmon had never Met Gluckstein
If Speech were Candid
If Hall were Caned
If the "Daily Mirror" reflected
If Algernon Ashton lived to be 200

[Help !]

If Rodin Sculpted Haldane



If Monarchs Advertised

Edward VII

The Peacemaker of Europe

Courts Visited to Order

Wars averted at the shortest notice

Ententes cemented daily

TESTIMONIALS

Prince Liechtenstein writes : " His influence is wonderful. I don't know what Marienbad would be like without him."

Dr. Ott writes : " He the constitutional monarch with the best constitution is."

An Ex-Diplomatist writes : " An inaccessible sovereign."

Telegraphic address : Tact, Newmarket.

William Hohenzollern

Most Stimulating of Sovereigns

Most Picturesque of Potentates

The only Emperor who writes his own Speeches

The Youngest Grandfather on the Throne

An Everlasting Surprise

to

His Subjects and His Uncles

**Plans of Campaign supplied to Belligerents
at the shortest notice**

Versatility guaranteed

Operas composed

Ballets invented

Allegorical pictures painted with despatch

Westinghouse Brakes improved.

TESTIMONIALS

An Ex-Diplomatist writes: "The German Emperor is quite the least reticent sovereign whose conversations I have ever compiled."

A Shipbuilder writes: "He is our best friend."

An Uncle writes: "You never know what he will say next. A visit from him is like living in a railway station."

Telegraphic address: Meteor, Potsdam.

CONGO RUBBER WORKS

**NEW
HANDS
WANTED**

Apply: LEOPOLD II, PARIS

If Maud Allan wore Wellingtons



H. H. Asquith

England's Premier Minister

Government Briefs mugged up with the
utmost promptitude

Clear Expositions guaranteed

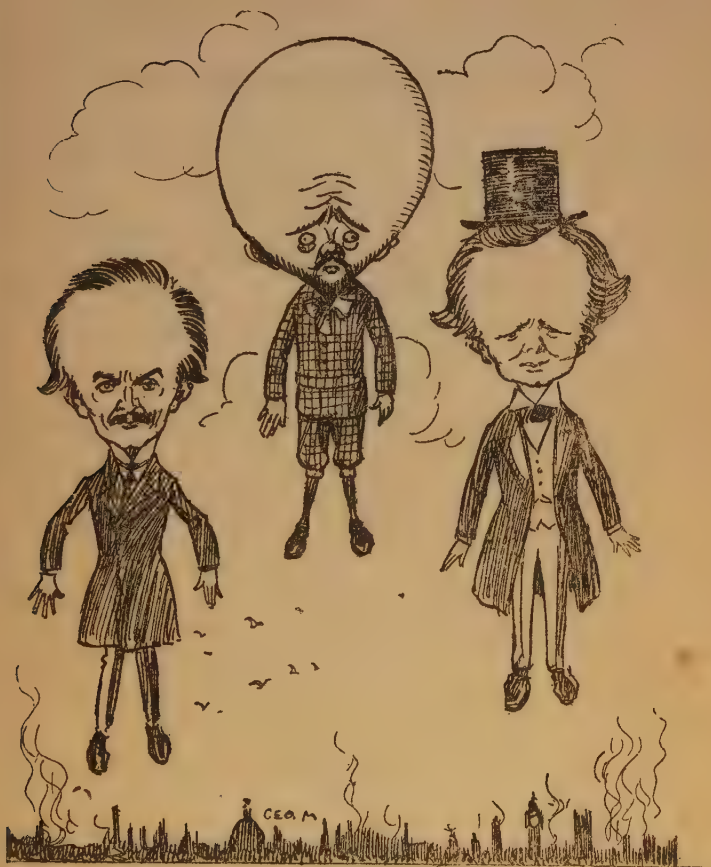
TESTIMONIALS

"Mr. Asquith's nerve in appointing me Chancellor of the Exchequer must alone suffice to stamp him as the most daring Premier of the century."—D. Lloyd-George.

Miss Maud Allan writes from the Palace Theatre: "Mr. Asquith asks me for a testimonial, and I have great pleasure in allowing him to use my name. He is by far the nicest Prime Minister who has ever asked me to lunch and placed me beside an Austrian Ambassador."

Telegraphic address: Dodona, London.

If Swelled Heads were Lighter than Air



If there were a Concert of Europe

THE GERMAN EMPEROR

Song—"Tom Bowling" *Wilhelm II*

"His voice was resonant and fruity,
His words were bland and soft,
Faithful Bülow, he did his duty
When I was up aloft."

PRINCE BÜLOW

Song—"I Loathed Delcassé" *Heinrich Lauder*

"I loathed Delcassé,
That dangerous Delcassé—
He was cute as an oyster in its shell.
He was flighty as a feather
And deceitful altogether,
And therefore Delcassé fell."

KING EDWARD

Recitation *Original*

"Dear nephew William, if, as it appears,
You cannot prove your Anglophil
devotion
Without your setting Europe by the ears,
And causing uncontrollable commotion

Among your loyal subjects, I entreat ye
Don't send more contributions to the *D.T.*
The use to which henceforth you best can
turn 'em
Is indicated by the owner's title—Burn 'em."

THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL

Song—"Chanson Portugais" .. *de Soveral-Clay*

"I'll sing you songs of Portugal,
And chestnuts of Cashmere—
Yarns that I think will strike you pink
And petrify your ear."

M. ISVOLSKY

Song—"The Roast Beef of Old England"

SIR EDWARD GREY

Song—"Green Grow the Russias, O"

THE TSAR OF BULGARIA

Song *Original*

"Ferdy had a hurdy-gurdy,
Ferdy had his fling,
Ferdy soared like any birdy,
Ferdy now is King."

MR. ASQUITH

Song—"Come into the Garden, Maud"

If Bernard Shaw gave up his Beard



From the
Bent Woods ^{to} the White City:
or, The Life of Imre Kiralfy
BY DORANDO PIETRI

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

- I. Boyhood on the Puszta. Is first filled with the desire to promote *entente* between France and England.
- II. Birth of twin-brother, Bolossy.
- III. Meets with a Czech on Mohacs Field.
- IV. Joins the I. Zingari as Umpire, but still thinks only of promoting the *entente*.
- V. Meets Hunyadi Janos, who saves his life.
- VI. Meets Barnum.
- VII. First sight of Shepherd's Bush. Is impressed by its possibilities and decides at any cost to cement there the friendship between England and France.
- VIII. Meets the Duke of Argyll and invents the flip-flap for *entente*-cementing purposes.
- IX. Meets Lord Northcliffe and submits plans for the Golden Dome.
- X. Meets M. Joseph Paillard Lyons and fortifies the *entente*.
- XI. The White City in full swing and the *entente* riveted.

*If Imre Kiralfy had charge of the
Tower Bridge*



Unthinkables

If Everyone were Titled

If George Washington had never told the truth

If the Ark had sunk

If the Income-tax were Optional

If Christmas came Twice a Year

If Every Man were his Own Laureate

“The Times were out of joint ; then was I bold
To bolster up sick Jupiter with gold.
This with my right hand : may it never know
The lengths to which my left still loves to go.”


N

“Unspurred by fame, without an axe to grind,
To cares of State reluctantly resigned,
From rural pleasures sadly do I part
To serve my country with a single heart.”

E. G.

“Mine’s the journalistic summit, for the
Daily Telegraph
Is the only English paper with a Kaiser
on its staff.
My advice to other editors : If *réclame* you
would get,
There’s nought like Burnham Breaches of
Imperial etiquette.”

B.

If Henry VIII met Lord R——



Mr. A. J. Balfour

The Ideal Leader

Philosopher, Musician, Golfer

Oppositions led at the shortest notice

Gladstonian Ambiguity surpassed

Party System upheld at all costs

Newspapers avoided daily

Childlike Composure

Perfect manners

Entire Detachment

TESTIMONIALS

Mr. Austen Chamberlain writes : " There never was a leader quite like Mr. Balfour."

Mr. Victor Grayson writes : " The insufferable aristocrat used to look at me as if I were a blackbeetle."

The Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin writes : " We are bound to him by the strongest ties as the leader of the Band of Forlorn Hope Brothers."

Telegraphic address : Metaphysics, North Berwick.

If Faces get any Flatter



Last Year's English standard



This Year's "Evening Standard"

Lord Northcliffe at Home

Record House-Warming

LORD AND LADY NORTHCLIFFE, who have recently moved into a bijou flat at West Hampstead, gave a charming house-warming party last Sunday afternoon to a select circle of friends. The tiny drawing-room, delightfully warmed by a miniature oil-stove, was crowded with well-known faces, and the hostess looked lovely in a Directoire gown of workhouse ticking, with sack-cloth bolero and 2s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. sand shoes. Lord Esher (in corduroys), Sir Ernest Cassel (in a lounge dungaree suit), the Duchess of Sutherland in pink flannelette, and Lady Constance Stuart-Richardson in blue beads, joined the host in a game of halfpenny nap in the breakfast parlour, where four ale and Marie biscuits were served by the general servant. For two hours during the evening a piano-organ, chained to the railings outside, discoursed the latest melodies to the delight of the assembled guests, who dispersed at a late hour, all motoring home in various Vanguards.

Frugal Festivities

The King Among the Sparrows

MR. AND MRS. WILLIE JAMES, who have recently taken up their residence for the winter in a disused tramcar on the outskirts of Goodwood Racecourse, entertained King Edward and a select party of guests for the week end. The King, who arrived on Friday evening, sat down at 6.30 to a substantial meat tea to which he did ample justice, retiring early to his hammock. The party, which included Lord Esher, Sir John Fisher, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir Arthur Sassoon, and Mr. Lulu Harcourt, were up betimes next morning for a grand sparrow battue. When the ladies joined the party for a sit-down picnic lunch off hard-boiled eggs and bottled stout, it was found that no fewer than 94 of the little brown chirrupers had fallen to his Majesty's gun. Great good humour prevailed during lunch, the ladies and gentlemen exchanging hats, the King's Marienbad tile being especially in demand.

The Wedding of the Week

Hymen and High Jinks

QUITE the smartest wedding of the week was that of the Hon. Audrey Gorringer and Lord Rupert Brandon, second son of the Duke of Newmarket, who for the last year has driven a steam motor-bus on the Hammersmith route. After the

wedding ceremony had been solemnized at the registry office in Addison Road, the guests adjourned to the adjoining cab-shelter, which had been kindly lent for the occasion. The presents, which were both costly and numerous, included a massive block-tin coffee-pot (King Edward), twelve dress shirts (the bride to the bridegroom), an Ingersoll watch (the bridegroom to the bride), a postal order for 10s. (Lord Rothschild), *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, half-bound (Lord Northcliffe). Each of the bridesmaids wore a pretty nickel-plated bangle, the present of the bridegroom, and the bride's going-away dress—tailor-made satinette—with a catskin toque, was much admired. The happy pair drove off on the bridegroom's own 'bus, which had been chartered for the occasion, and caught the 3.30 train for Birchington-on-Sea, where the honeymoon is to be spent in Sir George Lewis's corrugated iron bungalow, generously placed at their disposal by the owner.

The August Exodus

Striking Scenes at Lovely Liverpool Street

THE scene at Liverpool Street on the evening of the 11th of August beggared description. Since bottle-shooting in Epping Forest became *de rigueur* in the smart set, owing to the conversion of grouse moors into small holdings, the annual exodus to Chingford has never assumed such colossal dimensions. The Duke of Westminster's party, which arrived early, occupied an entire third-class compartment, Prince Henry of

Pless having to be accommodated in the rack. Mr. Asquith in pearlies attracted general attention, and Mr. Haldane in homespun and army boots looked every inch the sportsman as he chatted with Mr. Balfour, who has secured an engagement as caddie-master on the Epping links. Miss Ruth St. Denis, with her Indian shikari, was the cynosure of every eye. In view of the character of the sportsmen some record bags are expected.

By Special Arrangement with the
POSTMASTER - GENERAL

FRESH FISH

**STRAIGHT FROM ITS
OCEAN BED**

No more Doubtful
Soles

No more
Questionable Plaice

No more
Dubious Dogfish



FISH DELIVERED
AT YOUR DOOR

OLD AGE PENSIONS
PAYMASTER'S OFFICE



TOO OLD AT TWENTY

Drastic Reform in Ancient School

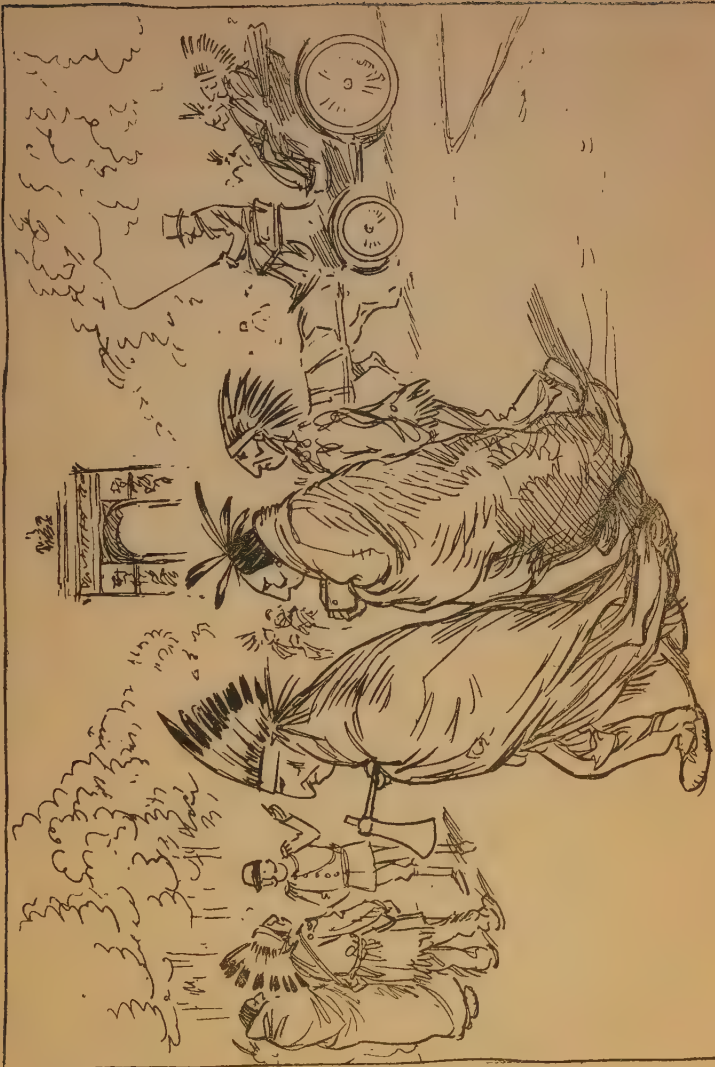
PLUTOCRACY'S REIGN OVER

THE following rules for the New Eton have been sanctioned by the Governing Body—

1. The numbers are to be increased to 5,000.
2. "Pop" is to be abolished as tending to perpetuate an unhealthy oligarchism.
3. The "field" and "wall" games are both to be suppressed, and henceforth only one kind of football played, viz., the Non - Competitive Co-operative Association game.
4. The playing fields, to obliterate their unfortunate association with militarism, are henceforth to be devoted to nature study, Pestalozzian gymnastics, and exercises in voice production on the Jaeger-Boole system.

As an earnest of their intention to carry out these reforms without delay, the Governing Body have approved of the appointment of the following masters : Mr. Eustace Miles (hygienic cookery); Mr. Bart Kennedy (English composition); Mr. Aylmer Maude (Colloquial Russian and Cosmic Emotion); The Lord Mayor's Toastmaster (voice production).

If Columbus had Never Seen an Egg



(E. M. M. M.)

YORKSHIRE v. MIDDLESEX

THIS match, the first under Socialistic rules, was finished yesterday on the Marylebone ground, which, since its old name, Lord's, has given so much offence, is henceforward to be known as Commoner's. Middlesex won the toss, leading off as usual with Warner and Mr. Tarrant, but the drawbacks, at any rate so far as the spectacular character of the game is considered, of the new Socialistic régime were very soon apparent, for Warner, who was batting with superb freedom, had to retire on completing twenty runs, that being the maximum which Mr. Keir Hardie and his colleagues permit. Bosanquet reached his figures with five hits from the first over from Mr. Rhodes, and a riot very nearly followed his compulsory return to the pavilion. The whole side were out for 167, only four wickets having legitimately fallen.

Yorkshire replied with 226 : being the maximum total, with six extras added. Mr. Hardisty and Mr. Denton were both caught by Mr. Trott without scoring, but as two batsmen had already been dismissed by the same hand, they claimed the right to continue their innings, each reaching the maximum. On Middlesex going in again, Mr. Hirst speedily disposed of Mr. Tarrant and Warner, but was at once taken off, no bowler

under the new rules being allowed to take more than six wickets in a match. Matters now went badly for Yorkshire, every Middlesex batsman except Page reaching the permissible total, a fact due largely to the circumstance that Mr. Haigh had the misfortune to bowl the maximum number of no-balls in his first over and was therefore disqualified from continuing. By this time all interest in the match, as it was called, had evaporated, and the remainder of the game (so to speak) was watched only by the sparrows, the pavilion cat, and four policemen, both umpires having reached their allotted number of decisions and gone home, and the scorers and reporters being equally at the end of their allotted tether. What the end of the match was we are therefore unable to inform our readers.

Unthinkables

If Assassins were Intelligent

If Rome had been built in a day

If Chesterton were Editor of the "Tailor and Cutter"

If the "British Weekly" were a Daily

If Actresses' Smiles Never Came Off

If People Thought Aloud

If W. G. Grace Lived to be 200



His Hirsute Suit

Speed Limit to Growth of Hair

MR. LEONARD BORWICK'S appeal against the decision of Mr. Justice Ridley, who had sentenced him to a fine of £50 for wearing his hair an inch shorter than the regulation length, was heard last week before the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, and Lord Justice Farwell. Counsel for the appellant contended that the statute only imposed a penalty for wearing hair longer than the authorised length, and that it was perfectly lawful for Mr. Borwick or any other musician to go as far as he liked on the safe side. Mr. Rufus Isaacs, for the L.C.C., who had instituted the prosecution, denounced the absurdity of this view. Carried out to its logical extremity, it would allow bald pianists to profane concert rooms. (At this point, M. Paderewski, who was present in Court, was removed in a fainting condition.) The Master of the Rolls, in delivering judgment, said that the only way to secure the enforcement of the law according to the view of the prosecution was to make every pianist wear a wig, which was unthinkable. The appeal was, therefore, allowed, and Mr. Borwick left the court without a stain on his *chevelure*.

Painful Scene at Recital

Pianist and Police

MR. MARK HAMBOURG's recital at St. James's Hall yesterday was marked by a painful scene. Just as the eminent performer had seated himself at the instrument, a police sergeant stepped on to the platform and arrested him for defying the law forbidding any pianist to play on any but a cottage piano. Mr. Hambourg at once adopted a pugilistic attitude, and several ladies fainted. Fortunately the agent of the firm of Blüthstein, who was present, was able to convince the officer that the instrument, though described as "an upright baby grand" in their catalogue, was in all its essentials substantially of cottage or bungalow build. Order being restored, the recital proceeded.

Mr. Plowden's Wit

Well-known Tenor in Trouble

AT the Marylebone Police Court on Tuesday last, Mr. John McCormack, the well-known tenor, was summoned for singing too softly at the last Ballad Concert. Mr. McCormack, who conducted his own defence, pleaded that he was suffering from incipient tonsillitis and had to choose between disappointing the audience and infringing the letter of the law. Mr. Plowden remarked that Mr. McCormack would have to go to prison for 14 days. At any rate he would be able to count his bars there. (Hysteric convulsions.)

If Clara Butt were any taller



The Cabinet

<i>Prime Minister</i>	. Mrs. Pankhurst
<i>Chancellor of the Exchequer</i>	. { Miss Marie Lloyd Miss Marie George
<i>Foreign Affairs</i>	. Miss Phyllis Dare
<i>Home Office</i>	. Mr. Pethick Lawrence
<i>War</i>	. Mrs. Despard (sister of Gen. Sir John French)
<i>Public Executioner</i>	. Mrs. Billington-Greig
<i>Keeper of the Grille</i>	. Miss Fox
<i>Lady Chancellor</i>	. Miss Christabel Pankhurst
<i>Mistress of the Robes</i>	. Miss Maud Allan
<i>Licenser of Plays</i>	. Mrs. Elinor Glyn
<i>Mistress of the Rolls</i>	. Madame Rumpelmayer
<i>Board of Works</i>	. Madame Tussaud
<i>Public Health.</i>	. Mother Seigel
<i>First Lady of the Admiralty</i>	. Miss Beatrice Harraden
<i>Mistress of the Buckhounds</i>	. Miss Violet Hunt
<i>Keeper of the Pimpernel</i>	. Baroness Orczy
<i>Chaplain to the House</i>	. Mrs. Humphry Ward

Political Notes

THE old Houses of Parliament having been so successfully rushed that they are no longer available, the seat of legislation has been moved to Sydenham, where the session opened yesterday in the old Crystal Palace, to be known henceforth and for all time as the Christabel Palace.

* * *

THE first set of executions at Mandeville Place attracted a large and appreciative crowd yesterday afternoon. In the leading tumbril were Mr. Asquith, Mr. Curtis Bennett, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey.

LAST NIGHT'S DEBATE **Child Dancing Bill Introduced** **Danseuses at Loggerheads**

THERE was a full house on Tuesday when, under the ten minutes' rule, Miss Maud Allan introduced the Government Children's Compulsory Dancing Bill, and the Men's Gallery was crowded with distinguished occupants, including Archdeacon Sinclair, Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and other prominent members of the Gymnosophist League.

Miss Allan's speech, according to her practice, was delivered entirely in dumb show, and illustrated with wonderful pathos the sadly maimed life of children uninstructed in the arm ripple, and tortured by wearing clothes. Her peroration, in which she leapt from the treasury bench on to the table and then flung herself on

the floor of the House, provoked ecstatic cheers from the grille, and Mr. Walkley, who fainted with emotion, was carried out by Archdeacon Sinclair.

Baroness Orczy, who seconded the motion, looked lovely in a black satin kimono embroidered with scarlet flamingoes. She explained that the Government curriculum would include war dances, as well as ornamental undulations, and contended that it was eminently calculated to foster an Amazonian spirit in the daughters of the State.

The Leader of the Opposition, Lady Grove, criticised the measure as inopportune. It was far more important to teach children to pronounce correctly and avoid odious solecisms, than, in the words of Artemus Ward, to lift their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz. Not one child in a hundred could pronounce the word "coffec" properly, and at least 50 per cent. spoke of a "serviette."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, in a speech of luscious eloquence, defended the Bill as foreshadowing the Pagan millennium in which every woman would be a cultured corybant.

Miss Ruth St. Denis, who sits below the gangway, then rose and delivered a long speech, accompanied by the clanging of a Burmese gong, in which she denounced the Government Bill as a reactionary measure based on obsolete and retrograde choregraphic methods. She was still speaking when Miss Maud Allan ruthlessly moved the closure. In response to cries of "Sit down," Miss St. Denis cried "No closure

for me," and advanced in a menacing manner to the Treasury Bench.

At a signal from the Speakeress, the attendants swiftly surrounded the recalcitrant member and bore her and the Burmese gong out of the House.

MAX CHAINED TO THE GRILLE

Scene in the House

AN extraordinary scene occurred last night in the Strangers' Gallery of the Houses of Parliament, Sydenham. Miss Christabel Pankhurst had only just risen to begin her speech when the clashing of chains was heard in the Strangers' Gallery, followed by the sharp click of a snapped padlock. A voice then began to utter words of the warmest admiration, so warm indeed as to border on ecstasy. On the assistants rushing to the spot they discovered Mr. Max Beerbohm gazing with fond rapture in Miss Christabel Pankhurst's direction. Owing to his having taken the precaution to chain himself to the grille and swallow the key, it was some time before he could be released and removed, and meanwhile he continued his adoration of the fair orator, so like a singing bird in her cage.

On quiet being restored, the Speaker (Mrs. Fawcett) ordered that in future no man be allowed into the precincts of the House.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE

MADAME CLARA BUTT was returned unopposed for the Rumford Division yesterday, amid scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm.

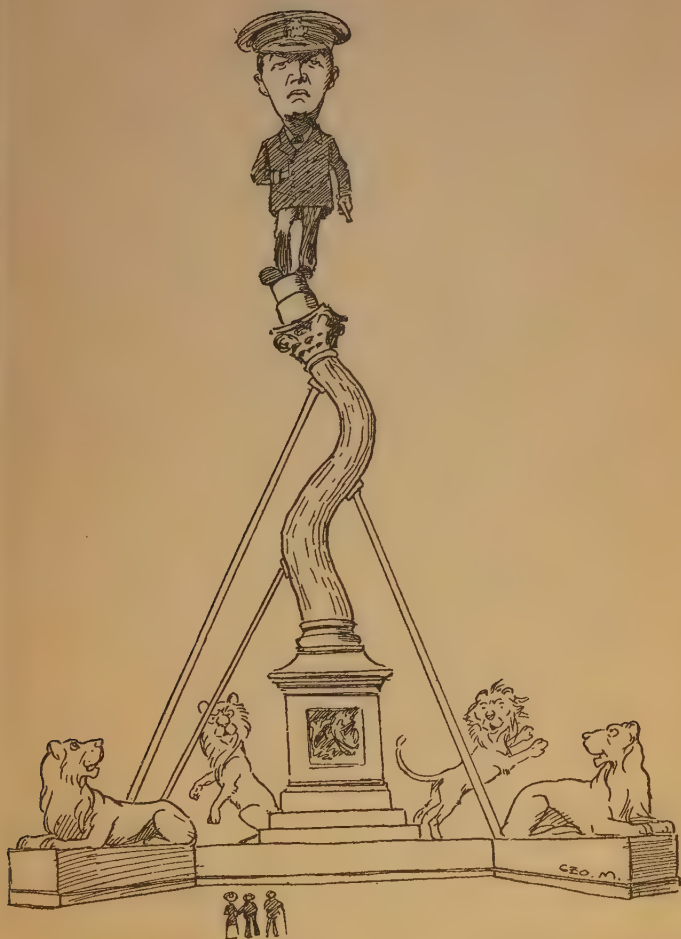
FAMOUS NOVELIST REPUDIATES NEW PARLIAMENT

MISS MARIE CORELLI, the author of *Stratford-on-Heaven*, *Holy Moses*, and other romances of piety and sensation, writes to us to protest against the travesty of legislation which has come upon this country. "Words," says this gifted lady, "cannot express the loathing which I used to feel for a woman who wanted to vote. Do I say woman? I meant rather sexless mountebank. How then shall I describe my sensations with regard to a woman so lost to shame as to make the laws of her country! The present situation is too horrible to be borne, and I have therefore been constrained, much as I love it, to sell my Warwickshire home and emigrate to a country where women are still occupying their proper retired sphere—in a word to Turkey. My address in future will be Corelli Kiosk, Constantinople."

*If Mr. Peter Keary wants titles for his next
five books*

1. Pan out or Peter out.
2. Do or be Done.
3. From J. Pen to J.P.
4. Succeed or Succumb.
5. Boost or Be Busted.

If Sir John Fisher were Nelson



If every Man were his own Laureate

“ Lord Selborne was wholly too fond of red
tape,
So I had him politely packed off to the Cape.
Lord Cawdor's career was as brief as a
rocket ;
Lord Tweedmouth consistently sat in my
pocket.
Now I've got young McKenna, hardworking
and clever :
First Lords come and go ; Jacky's Sea
Lord for ever.”

J. F.

“ When Chaos comes on this terrestrial ball,
Will universal darkness cover Hall ?
Never, for 'mid the circumambient gloom
I, like the bittern, will emit my boom.”

H. C.

“ A rebel open and confessed
Against all regular authority,
I fear not death ; yet how detest
The thought of joining a majority ! ”

G. B. S.

If the Smile Never Came Off



Unthinkables

If John were to Burn

If the Hon. C. S. were to Roll

If John Page were to Hopp

If the Editor of the "Sphere" were Shorter

ADMIRALS ALL HONEY

Hearts of Oak Beat in Unison

THE great Naval Dinner given to Sir John Fisher, O.M., by Lord Charles Beresford, was held at the Carlton last Friday. By a singularly happy thought, the inner courtyard was converted into a tasteful fishpond, decorated with Chinese lanterns, and containing a number of perfectly tame denizens of the deep, while all the other arrangements of the banquet breathed the same spirit of abject affection. Lord Charles's speech in proposing the toast of the evening was a masterpiece of unaffected eloquence, and Mr. Arnold White, who was already deeply moved by the peroration, completely broke down when Sir John Fisher began his reply with the memorable words, "Dear old Charlie, this is indeed the proudest moment of my life." Subsequently Lord Charles proposed the health of "Absent Friends," coupling the toast with the name of Sir Percy Scott; and Mr. Malcolm Scott, by an admirably humorous impersonation of his brother, completely restored the spirits of Mr. White and convulsed the host with merriment. The company included Mr. Rollo Appleyard, Mr. Garvin, Mr. Julian Corbett, Mr. A. S. Hurd, Professor Biles, Sir Charles Ottley, Lord Esher and Sir Ernest Cassel.

Lions and Lambs at Dinner

Ancient Opponents Fraternise

AN interesting banquet was held last night at the Savoy, far exceeding in sumptuousness anything that Mr. Grayson ever gave to his friends. The host was the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, and the guest of honour was Sir Victor Horsley, two gentlemen hitherto known as arch foes over the question of vivisection. The repast began with oysters, followed by rainbow trout, which Sir Victor, at his host's invitation, himself selected from the tank where they happily swim until caught for the kitchen.

In deference to Mr. Coleridge's views, no butcher's meat figured in the menu, while as a graceful concession to Sir Victor's temperance proclivities, only non-alcoholic drinks were served. Mr. Coleridge proposed the health of his guest in a speech tingling with ferocious bonhomie, and after Sir Victor had replied, the entire party went on to witness the appropriate revival of *Lyre and Lancet*.

By Command of the King

TO BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY

by Mr. Murray, in sweet association with The Times

The Lipton Letters

Edited by A. G. Benson

The Cassel of Interest

By A. G. Benson

By Sparkling Waters

By A. G. Benson

If Archdeacons were Arch



FITS CURED

IF YOU HAVE A
PERFECT FIT
WE CAN REMEDY
IT _____



~~~~~  
Write for Free Pamphlet  
sending Six Stamps.



## **Extraordinary Incident in Kent**

### **Motorists and School Children**

NEWS has been received from Barming, in Kent, to the effect that the driver of a large yellow car which entered the village yesterday slowed down on perceiving that the children were just coming out of school and passed through them at a rate of little if anything more than four miles an hour. The incident is quite unique, and the police are taking steps to ascertain the number of the car with a view to examining the driver's bumps.

## **Strange Occurrence at Newmarket**

### **Bewildering Behaviour of Undergraduate**

IT is reported that a Cambridge undergraduate driving a motor car at Newmarket yesterday, stopped his engine while a string of racehorses passed.

# Dramatic Scene in Court

## Motorist tells Truth

A DRAMATIC scene occurred yesterday during the hearing of a batch of motor cases at Andover. Mr. Lancelot Williams, of Park Lane, was charged with having driven over a measured mile at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. To the amazement and consternation of everyone present, the defendant admitted the offence, remarking that since it was a wide and straight piece of road, and there being no other traffic, he let her out. On hearing these astonishing words not only the whole Bench of magistrates but several police constables fainted, while the magistrates' clerk is still, we hear on going to press, in convulsions.

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## Unthinkables

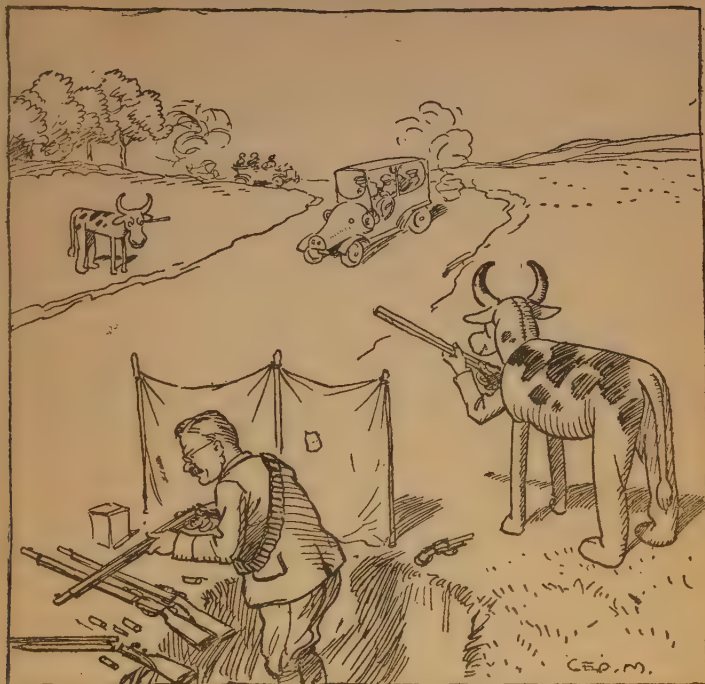
*If the Battle of Waterloo had been Fought at  
Clapham Junction*

*If Poetry were Sold by Weight*

*If the German Emperor were a little Less Discreet*

*If Peter Pan Grew Up*

# *If Big Game Gave Out—*



ROAD HOG SHOOTING ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

## *Scripture Parallels for use in Political Speeches*

AS DEVISED BY MR. LLOYD-GEORGE

|                 |   |   |   |                       |
|-----------------|---|---|---|-----------------------|
| <i>Zacchæus</i> | . | . | . | Mr. Lloyd-George      |
| <i>Jonah</i>    | . | . | . | Mr. John Burns        |
| <i>Ham</i>      | . | . | . | Sir Thomas Lipton     |
| <i>Solomon</i>  | . | . | . | Lord Rosslyn          |
| <i>Hosea</i>    | . | . | . | Mr. Winston Churchill |
| <i>Habakkuk</i> | . | . | . | Mr. Asquith           |

## **Hero of 1000 Engagements**

**Lord Rosslyn Wins Carnegie  
Medal**

ON the occasion of his latest courageous entry into the Court of Matrimony Lord Rosslyn has very properly been awarded the Carnegie prize for civic valour.

## **Duel of Words at the Ritz**

**An Intrepid Diner**

THE Carnegie prize for heroism has just been awarded to Mr. Lucullus Niersteiner, of Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, who after dining at the Ritz the other evening, contested with much spirit and endurance, unabashed by the presence of the guests, who comprised both ladies and gentlemen, an item in the bill, and continued to debate the point with the manager far into the night.

# Outrage at the Opera

## Cumberland Man Defies Conventions

AN interesting and wholly admirable award has just been made under the Carnegie Hero Trust to Mr. Jack Senhouse, of The Patterans, Langdale, who had the courage to occupy a stall at the opera on the recent gala night, dressed in Harris tweeds and wearing brown boots. This seat he held in spite of the resentment of his neighbours and the efforts of the management to persuade him to relinquish it. He had come, he said, to hear music, and he had paid for his stall without any reference being made at the box-office as to what he should wear.

## Matinee Hat Hero

### Cricklewood Man Earns Carnegie Dole

ANOTHER award under Mr. Carnegie's fund has just been made. The recipient was Henry Adamson, of 38 Winckelmann Mansions, Cricklewood. There is no question as to Mr. Adamson's bravery, for during a recent matinée at the Casino Theatre, he had the temerity not only to ask a lady to remove her hat, which entirely obstructed the view of the stage, not only of himself but of many persons near him, among them many too timid to protest for themselves, but persisted with his request until she did so, although thereby stopping the performance for ten minutes and subjecting himself to the contempt and anger of the theatre officials, who had shown their usual apathy in the matter.



# Joan of Arc in a Four- Wheeler

## Another Carnegie Award

A CARNEGIE award has just been made to a Miss Henrietta Ford, an elderly lady residing in Russell Square, Bloomsbury, who on the afternoon of the 4th instant, on taking a cab from Euston Station to her house, not only was brave enough to give the cabman his just fare—a shilling—but to resist his claim of another sixpence, in spite of torrents of abuse and threats.

## THE INVISIBLE TROUSERS STRETCHER

As used by some of  
the Dressiest Men in  
Town

Among our Cus-  
tomers are—

Mr. G. K. Chesterton  
Mr. Will Crooks, M.P.  
Little Tich  
Mr. William O'Brien

THE INVISIBLE  
TROUSERS STRETCHER



*If the King's Speech were drafted by*

(a) **BART KENNEDY**

THE Great Powers. The great friendly Powers—my good and cordial allies. My dear nephew. My beloved wife's nephew. My dear daughter's husband. Others, too, not so near and dear. The venerable Sultan. The rubber-souled Leopold. Ferdy, the Bulgarian botanist.

And then Home, Sweet Home. Merrie England. Caledonia stern and wild. Gallant little Wales. And the emerald Sphinx, with the tears and the smile in her eye. Good old Birrell—wiping her eye and fixing her smile. Erin-go-bragh!

My poor people. My loyal uncomplaining people. Needing relief and employment and beer. But not too much beer. Needing knowledge and religion but of the right sort. Avanti, Asquith! Buck up Burns! Hurrah for Haldane!

(b) **Mr. HENRY JAMES**

IF there is any occasion, recordedly, on which it is, just a little, legitimate to evade the expectation of clear-cut particularists, and allow words to emerge, with coy protrusion, in sudden substitution for others of a sharper and more angular intention,—this surely is, precisely, the

supreme moment in which it is open for me to rest in the security of a bland and opulent sophistication.

Without resorting, brutally, to the clumsy terms of excess, it is admissible of practical proof proportional to the cluster of attributes converging in my now habitual *sobriquet* to assert without fear of, at least, efficient contradiction, that the possibilities of international *enchevêtrement* are no longer, patently, simmering in the category of clamorous insistence.

[To be continued in our next.]

## "THE FOOD OF LOVE" PIANO PLAYER

No more long-haired  
horrors

Human contortions entirely  
done away with

Aliens disoouraged

*The "Food of Love" Piano Player, British made and British played. You pay for it and press a button, then hold on to something and listen. We do the rest.*



*A Thing of the Past.*

## **BEECHAM'S PILLS NOTICE!**

THE proprietor of this world-famous remedy, having had his doubts awakened by some recent criticisms, begs to announce that he has subjected a box of his pills to the most searching analysis, with the result that in the interest of perfect candour he has to admit that instead of the full guinea it has been customary to claim for them they are only

### **Worth Nineteen-and-Tenpence the Box**

the depreciation of one and twopence being due to various causes, principally a fall in the price of one of the most important ingredients.

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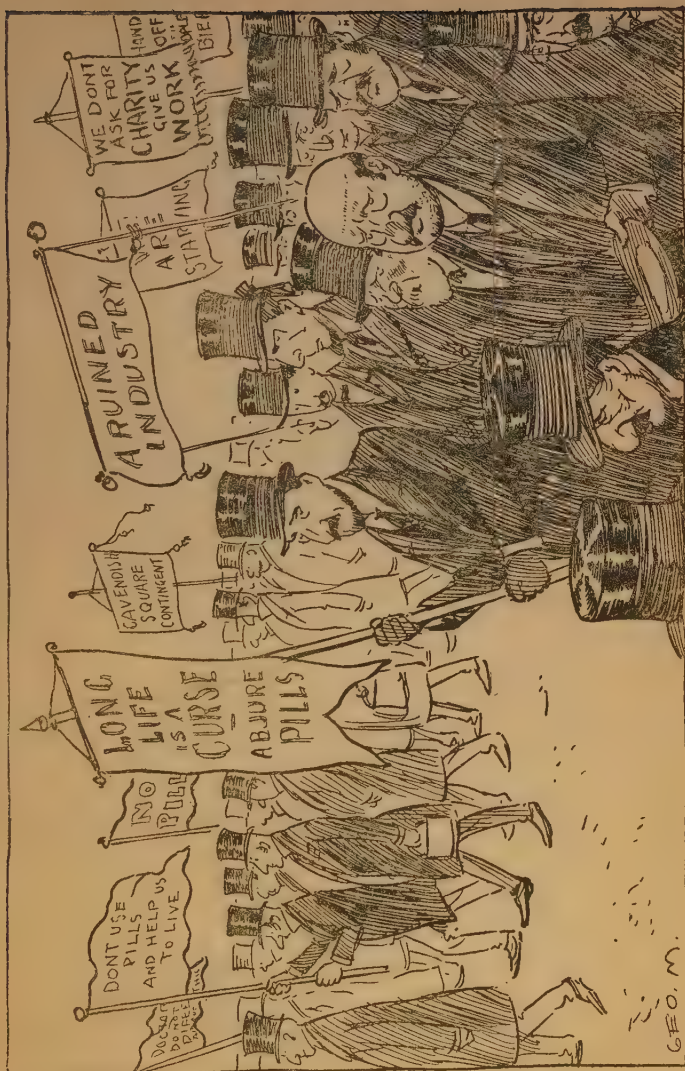
### **Half-Hours with the Worst Authors**

UNDER this attractive heading Messrs. Short & Drakeworth announce a new series of alluring and calorific fiction, early volumes in which will be entitled *Breaking the Seventh*, and *The Empire Promenade*.

Ice packs for the reader's head are sold with the volumes.



# If Advertisers of Pills told the Truth



*If Advertisers told the Truth*

## THOUGHTLESS READING



INTELLECTUALITY



CURE  
THAT  
BUMP

**If you have too  
much Intellect**

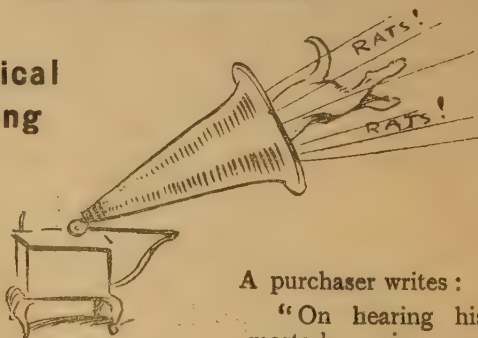
**Read the Novelettes and Serial  
Novels of the Amalgamated Press**

**YOU WILL SOON BE ALL RIGHT**

## **The Best Gramophone on the Market**

**No  
Asthmatical  
Wheezing**

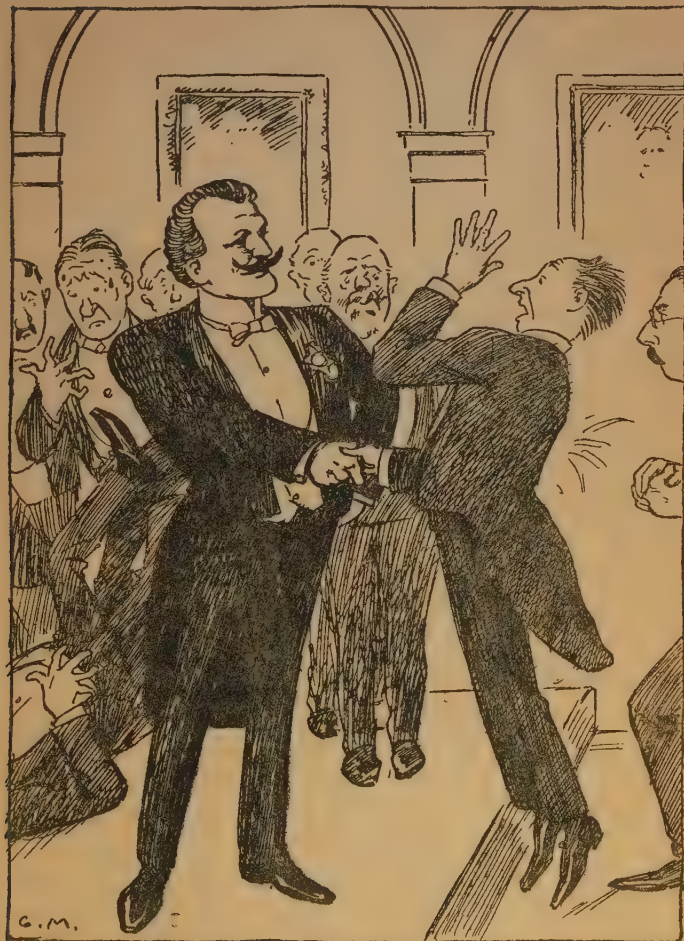
**PERFECT  
HUMAN  
TONES**



**A purchaser writes :**

**"On hearing his  
master's voice say  
'Rats !' my terrier leapt into the funnel, and would not  
come out again until a new record was introduced."**

*If Sadow were President of the Royal  
Academy*



## **O.L.'s Weekly**

(Conducted by Sir Oliver Lodge)

---

### **MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD**

SINCE our last issue congratulatory psychograms have been received from Archimedes, Solon, Galen, Hippocampus major, Seneca, Copernicus, Tycho Brahé, Chladni, Volta and Galvani. Sir Isaac Newton, we may add, is controlling an interesting cross correspondence between Mr. Harold Begbie, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and Mrs. Piper. The subjects of the correspondence, taking them in the order in which they appear in the automatic scripts, are (1) Apples, (2) Newton Pippins, (3) What happened to Sir William Jones. (4) Was Henry VIII a Mormon? Mr. Piddington is preparing a full report of the correspondence which will soon be published in our columns, and remove all vestiges of gravity.

---

A Large Cadbury, please!

## **BROW CULTURE**

By Professor Harold Bulbo

THE science of brow culture, though still in its infancy, has made great strides in the last few years. But there is no royal road to the acquisition of a noble brow. Profound thought, by stimulating and enlarging the convolutions of the brain, will in time affect the contour of the skull, but we cannot all think profoundly or even Imperially. Brow massage, again, if begun in early youth and carried on to maturity, will indeed promote the much desiderated bulbosity, and the classes instituted in the Birmingham University for the purpose are already producing gratifying results, the average size in hats of the psychical students having increased by  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. in the last year.

### **FOR HEADACHES**

## **The Oliver Brow Bath**

ASPERGING BETTER THAN DRUGS  
NO MORE FATIGUE

**"The OLIVER BATH takes the BISCUIT."**

—*Vide* PRESS

## **UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE**

AT a meeting of the Senate on Wednesday last, it was unanimously resolved that the honorary degree of Doctor of Telepathy should be conferred on Mr. and Mrs. Zancig.

A Still Larger Cadbury, please !



Mr. Harold Begbie, Chief Interviewer to the University of Birmingham, has been authorised to write a series of exegetical articles on Wireless Theology for the *British Weekly*.

The new Professor of English Literature signalised his first dinner with his colleagues by a brilliant *mot* to the effect that Sir Oliver Lodge might be re-named Principal Brainy.

The sub-committee which has for so long been sitting for the purpose of evolving a satisfactory College cry for Birmingham worthy to rank with those of Yale and Harvard, has now submitted its reports, recommending briefly the repetition with growing emphasis of the famous and revered initials O.L., O.L., O.L.

## OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

R. B. (Hatfield).—The likeness to the late Lord Salisbury is certainly pronounced, but the late Conservative statesman's forehead was less opulent in its convexity and his expression not nearly so spiritual.

"PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS."—No, he has never preached under the dome of St. Paul's. The space is too confined. But see Mr. Harold Begbie's article in the *Daily Chronicle*.

WILL BE READY SHORTLY

## Sixty Lodges in the Wilderness

By H. W. LUCY

A Huge Cadbury, please!

*If Andrew Carnegie Lived to be 200*



THE HIGH STREET, GREAT BOOKHAM

**The International Imperial Interviewing  
Agency, Ltd.**

---

**CONVERSATIONS WITH KAISERS**  
**Reported with**  
**the utmost illegibility and indiscretion.**

---

**CONGENIAL EMPLOYMENT FOUND**  
**FOR**  
**ALL EX-DIPLOMATISTS.**

**N.B.—European Imbroglia Incubator kept on the  
premises.**

*If Archdeacon Sinclair wrote the Life of  
Maud Allan*

---

**How to Undress on £10,000 a year;  
or, The Life of Maud Allan**

By the Venerable the Archdeacon of London

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

- I. Birth on St. Vitus's Day, 1888.
- II. Sent to an excellent gymnosophist school.
- III. Reads *Trilby* and abjures stockings.
- IV. Death of paternal great-uncle, Colonel Allan of the Grenadier Guards, who leaves her his bearskin.
- V. Death of maternal great-uncle, commanding the Buffs, who leaves her nothing, which is still her dearest possession.
- VI. Meets the Duncan and falls a victim.
- VII. Takes London by storm.
- VIII. First visit to St. Paul's to take tea with her biographer, whom she induces to preach in bare calves.
- IX. Triumph. She becomes a Premier's danseuse.

## *If Poetry Paid*



If you were Miss Corelli  
And I were Thos. Hall Caine,  
We'd chant the lays of Shelley  
Until our heads grew swelly,  
Then fly to Tinnevelly  
Upon an aeroplane ;  
If you were Miss Corelli  
And I were Thos. Hall Caine.

If you were Queen of Sheba  
And I were William Tell,  
We'd bring from Jebel Neba  
A portable zereba,  
And then beleaguer Greeba  
Until the castle fell,  
If you were Queen of Sheba  
And I were William Tell.

If I were Lord of Hever  
And you were Sunlight Soap,  
If we invited Lever  
And Northcliffe, also Cleaver,  
Would Northcliffe get brain fever  
And suddenly elope ?—  
If I were Lord of Hever  
And you were Sunlight Soap.



If I were Skibo's Andy  
And you were Miss De Beers,  
We'd have two fountains handy,  
One spouting fine old brandy  
And one Madeira (Blandy),  
To entertain the Peers ;  
If I were Skibo's Andy  
And you were Miss De Beers.

**DONT LOOK VENERABLE**  
BEFORE YOUR TIME



TRY OUR  
**INDIGO**  
**DYE**



---

***As your Hair grows whiter***  
***it will cost you more.***

*If another Ex-Diplomatist were to apply*



*If George Alexander's Trousers bagged at  
the Knee*



## THE NEW TIMES

or ALFRED'S SHORT CUT TO GLORY

New Plant New Headlines

Same Front Door

and

Same old Bell

But don't Ring it for Hooper & Jackson

# VICTORY AT LAST

## LONDON EN FÊTE

THE fountains in Trafalgar Square spouted Ceylon tea all day, and Aldgate pump yielded the same refreshing fluid. Sir Thomas unhappily failed in his efforts to induce the Board of Works to allow him to substitute the same beverage for the water in Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and Regent's Park. The will must, therefore, stand for the deed.

The Nelson column has been festooned with tea-leaves by a dexterous Teaple Jack.

## PEERAGE FOR SIR THOMAS

### "Shamrock's" Skipper Honoured

WE understand that Sir Thomas Lipton is to be raised to the peerage as Baron Ceylon.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer upon Captain Sycamore the M.V.O.

## Imperial Congratulations

The Kaiser has telegraphed to Sir Thomas Lipton : " I lift my cup to the lifter of the cup."

## In the Provinces

Telegraphing from Rickling Green, our correspondent states that Sir Walter Gilbey's flag is half-mast high.

Our Bermondsey correspondent informs us that the Mazawattee works are draped in crape.

Seen by our Cowes correspondent late last night, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron expressed complete ignorance of the international yacht race which has just had so exciting and gratifying a result. Neither he nor his fellow clubmen, he said, knew anything of it.

Our Sydenham correspondent wires that, mixing with the gigantic crowd which filled every corner of the Crystal Palace grounds, he conversed with several people, obviously suffering from *delirium teamens*, who said that they had come all the way from Scotland to celebrate Sir Thomas's triumph. The feature of the firework display was a full-size model of the victorious yacht, *Shamrock XXXII*.

## GRIEF IN AMERICA

### Black Men Popular at Last

TELEGRAPHING late last night, our New York correspondent says that the depression in the United States consequent upon the victory of *Shamrock XXXII* is profound. At the Waldorf

Astoria no sauce is served but black butter, and crape is the national dress. Negroes are for the moment being treated as if they were human creatures, on account of their *couleur de devil*.

## **"DEFENDER'S" OWNER LYNCHED**

### **Suicide of Captain**

(From our Special Correspondent in New York.)

MR. OLIVER ISELIN, the head of the syndicate which owns *Defender*, although a very old man, was dragged from his house to-night by the infuriated populace and publicly lynched. The captain of the *Defender* escaped the same fate only by committing suicide.

## **WILL PARLIAMENT MAKE A GRANT?**

### **The Lipton Statue**

THERE is a movement afoot, which gains ground every minute, to bring before Parliament the suitability of voting Sir Thomas Lipton a grant in recognition of his great services in recapturing the cup. The Duke of Wellington, it will be remembered, was thus recompensed after Waterloo. Whether or not Parliament does this, there is no doubt of the project of erecting an equestrian statue of Sir Thomas in Bacon's Walk, at Gray's Inn, being accomplished.





PARTIAL PORTRAIT OF BIG GIL CHESTERTON  
*England's False Taft*

# STRIKE AT THE GAIETY

## Gaiety Girls Imitate "Ken"

CONSTERNATION has reigned among the coryphées ever since the Socialistic era was proclaimed, for with the enforcement of the new political faith the nobleman automatically disappears. Last night, however, matters came to a head at the Gaiety, and when the time arrived for the curtain to go up, not a single chorus or dancing girl was to be found in the theatre. Mr. George Edwardes came forward and announced in a pathetic speech that the Gaiety girls had all struck.

## CORONETS AND CORYPHÉES

### Ivory Dent Explains

INTERVIEWED this morning by our own representative, Miss Ivory Dent, the leader of the recalcitrant actresses, explained the reasons for their action, which are briefly as follows: In the first place the abolition of the House of Lords, by eliminating the most attractive section of the audience, has reduced serious acting to a farce, and farcical acting to a tragedy. Where, as she put it, is the use of doing your best, if there is no coronet nibbling at you? Next our charming interlocutor, with a delicious *moue*, enlarged on the cruelty of the Socialist ukase, restricting what she called, with exquisite

choice of language, the largesse of her incisor blandishments. It appears that, under the new Communism, no actress may show more than six upper and six lower teeth, and as Miss Ivory Dent observed, "There's a lot of good in that, I don't think." Limelight also, it seems, is in future to be so grudgingly allotted as to make the chances of everyone equal, and as Miss Ivory Dent put it in the vivacious *argot* of the footlights, "Don't you see, old dear, there's about as much sense in that as trying to feed half-a-dozen blooming supes on one two-eyed steak."

Asked what she and her striking sisterhood proposed to do, the fascinating *comédienne* replied: "Chuck it!"

## LIMELIGHT DISTRIBUTION

### Mr. Tree's Dread Resolve

VISITED by our representative in his sanctum at The Equality Theatre, Mr. Tree admitted that he was about to quit the stage. "Good wine," he said, "may or may not need a bush, but there is no doubt whatever that Socialistic drama does not need a Tree." He was therefore retiring to the Tyrolean Highlands, where, his friends assured him, a lucrative career awaited him as an eccentric jodeller and dancer. Pressed as to the reason for this devastating decision, he confessed that the prospect of continuing to perform in a theatre where the meanest walking gentleman was put on the same limelight allowance as himself was intolerable and not to be endured.

*If Authors were Really Enterprising*

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*To be Published shortly*

---

# HONOURS EASY;

or, The Climber's Vade Mecum

---

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

- I. The choice of friends.
- II. The choice of a wife.
- III. How to select one's party.
- IV. The art of mixing guests.
- V. J.P. as a stepping-stone.
- VI. Manners for knights.
- VII. Suitable charities for support.
- VIII. The theory of party friends.
- IX. Manners for baronets.
- X. How to choose a better house.
- XI. Hints to country gentlemen.
- XII. Deportment for new peers.

*If Mr. Sargent had taken part in the Exodus*



During a lull after the drowning of Pharaoh's Army, an opportunity was seized to perpetuate some of the leading features of the Israelites.



*If the National Gallery and Royal Academy  
Advertised*

---

*Ring in the Old!*

---

**For a Happy Day with the Dead  
go to the**

**NATIONAL GALLERY**

(Trafalgar Square, opposite the Nelson Column)

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Every Taste consulted

Pictures for all

The World's Best Painting

All Works Guaranteed

Hand Work only admitted

No Oleos

No new paint causing headaches

All Old Masters

Ask for the £20,000 Hals

Don't Miss the Blenheim Raphael which cost  
£70,000

*The National Gallery :  
Near Morley's Hotel.*



PICTURES TO BURN ?  
WHERE ?

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At the  
**ROYAL ACADEMY**

(Piccadilly ; close to Burlington Arcade)

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Thousands of Pictures for One Shilling  
A Feast of Art

The Paint Wet

No Obsolete Old Masters

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*Go to the ROYAL ACADEMY for—*

Scarifying Sargents

Huge Herkomers

Ponderous Poynters

Rollicking Richmonds

Luscious Leaders

Ornamental Orchardsons

Attractive Abbeys

Captivating Clausens

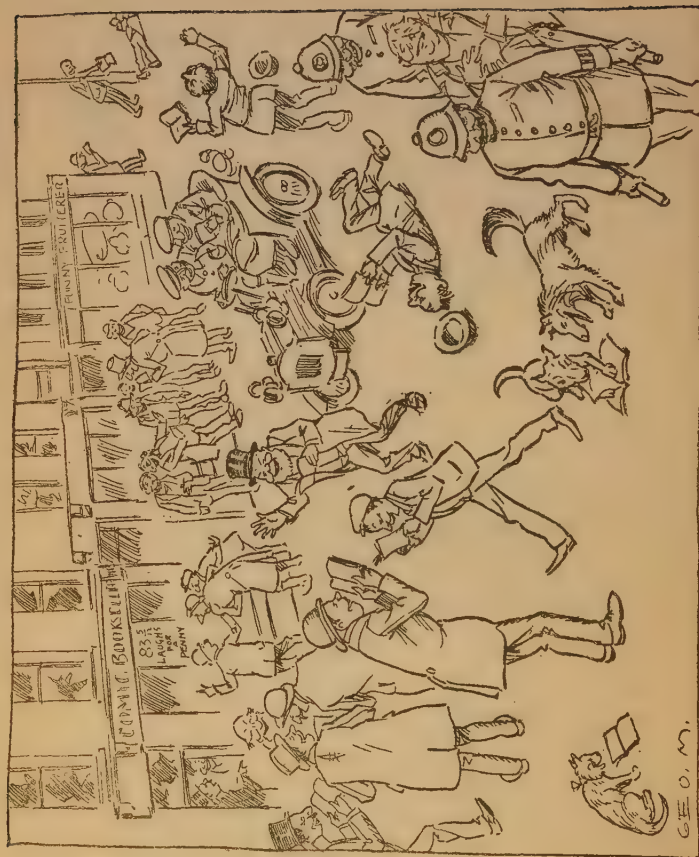
Succulent Solomons

and

Glutinous and Golluptious Goetzes

Thousands of square feet covered with Art

*If Lord Rosslyn Wrote his Autobiography*



## **The Daily Telegraph,**

as its readers only too well know, by way of further cementing the Anglo-German *entente*, which it did so much to inaugurate and foster, has arranged to publish a superb Imperial

## **COSTUME BOOK**

containing life-size portraits of

## **THE GERMAN EMPEROR**

in every one of his

## **340 UNIFORMS,**

with a preface by Lord Weardale and notes by the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*.

This work, the second in its regal author's series, is known as

## **THE KAISER'S KLOTHES BOOK**

and already a terrific number have been bespoke. Every post brings in fresh orders, notably from

Holland and the Transvaal, where, as everyone has recently been reminded, the Kaiser is peculiarly popular.

France also is not backward.

The orders yesterday booked included one for the Windsor Castle archives.

It is gratifying to be able to state that the exigencies of the preparation of this beautiful and epoch-making work have made it necessary to take on several thousand of the unemployed, none of whom have ever opened a book before.

Every picture has to be carefully pasted in by hand. This is done by a staff of thousands of assistants, under the superintendence of Lord Esher.

2,000 lbs. of printer's ink have been used, and the paper extends to 2,000 miles.

The price of the work is a crown.

---

## New Royal Gift-Book

DISLIKING to be left behind by anyone, and particularly by the *Daily Telegraph*, the proprietors of the *Daily Mail*, by way of completing its great and world-famous task of consolidating the new régime in Turkey, has arranged with

THE  
Most Venerable the Sultan

Abdul Hamid, for the publication of a sumptuous

# BOOK OF TURKISH DELIGHT

being a complete set of the portraits of the Sultan's wives. It is enough to say that they have been photographed by Bassoono with setting by the *Sketch*. Everyone who has revelled in the weekly portraits of the Dares in that paper will know what to expect in the way of novelty, of charm, and dental display.

All of us, it is true, are interested in beautiful ladies, but it is equally true that one type if too frequently depicted is capable of cloying. The Turkish type is, however, comparatively unknown.

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*If Every Woman were Her Own Laureate*

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“Not swiftly but sedately do I trip,  
And yet all other dancers I outstrip.”

M. A.

“I don’t object to prison,  
To satire or to blow ;  
If stakes were still in fashion  
To the stake I’d gladly go ;  
I don’t object to calumny ;—  
But save me from attacks  
Like the analytic raptures  
Of impressionable Max.”

C. P.

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*If Conan Doyle Lived to be 200*

DECEMBER 2058.

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Sir Apolo Kagwa, the Prime Minister of Uganda, writes: "He is the greatest Prop-Ugandist. Our lions long for him."

---

Telegraphic address: Destiny, London.

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## *If the Lyceum were the Only Theatre*

Highland Section of the daily queue.



*If there were a Trustworthy Guide to  
Restaurants*

---

**R.D.'s Weekly**

---

Edited by Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis

"Eat, drink and be merry, for  
to-morrow we dine."

---

**THE DINNER BELL**

Now that that national calamity, the closing of the White City, is a *fait accompli* (as our dear naughty neighbours across the Channel say), many thousands of Londoners find themselves in the evening with nothing to do.

Let them, however, not despair, for the world is still before them. The White City with all its myriad allurements to the mental and physical palate may be shut, but think how many restaurants are open to them which carry on precisely those same conditions of excellence of cuisine, prompt attendance, rich wines and moderate tariff that made Shepherd's Bush the gourmand's Mecca and the *bon vivant's* paradise. Imre Kiralfy and all his gorgeous imaginings may have passed from our midst, but Joseph Lyons remains, still with but a single thought—to nourish his fellow Englishmen in the myriad palaces of gastronomy that now



bear his name. Remember this, you who are desolated by the thought that the White City is no more. You can still dine ; you can still go somewhere afterwards ; you can still sup ; you can still breakfast at five o'clock tea.

## A RARE TREAT

HEARING from my old friend Jamrach last week that owing to an accident he had a dead rhinoceros on his hands, I hurried down to St. George's Road to secure a rhinoceros steak, a great delicacy, before it was too late. I was fortunate in arriving in time and enjoyed my little lunch immensely, although not served in any restaurant with a name. I may remark that when I had done very little of the animal was left. The menu may interest my readers—

Rhinoceros Roti

Pain

Pommery cum Grano, 1908

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*As used by Newnham Davis.*

*If Henry James edited Bradshaw*



GEO. MORROW

## A LITTLE DINNER AT THE DIETY

### AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

(Reprinted by permission from the *Pall  
Mall Gazette*.)

WRITING as one who has eaten his way round the world and who in the enjoyment of that task has visited the restaurants of every country and every clime, a special significance will belong to my words when I say that never have I experienced such diaphragmatic delight as I did this evening in the Grill Room of the new Diety—Mr. Lyons' latest and most sumptuous establishment, in the Strand. The soup—a clear *tortue fausse*—was so perfect that I finished by biting a large piece out of the plate: the chop so exquisite that I ate the bone too. [And so on.]

### A BAD BREAK

I AM just recovering from a serious shock. Yesterday afternoon at the Beefsteak Club one of my pals who was reading the *Daily Mail* suddenly said "What ho! Dwarf. Here's your chance. Child patty at Steinway Hall at 3 o'clock." Without waiting to answer him, I ran downstairs, hailed a taxi, and as I had not had a square meal for an hour and a half, drove straight off to the Hall in question. "Child patty?" I asked of the uniformed official. "Yessir," he replied, and handed me—the

programme of a vocal recital! By patty he meant Patti. (Help!) Such was my annoyance that I could not help taking a bite out of a plump page-boy as I left the confounded place.

## DIRGE

"If Socialism came the world to mar,  
The best, most sumptuous, dinners would be  
Grayson's,  
Myself would view a bloater with compla-  
cence,  
And Generals would give up caviar."

N. N. D.

### *If everything were known*



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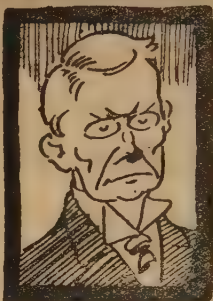
Mr. Brown (Windsor) writes: "Your enterprising paper."

"Go on with your good work of unmasking the Trusts."—A. B. (Sudbury).

Sir Edward Carson writes: "I implore you not to stay your hand."

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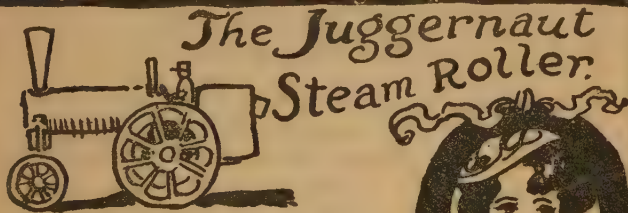
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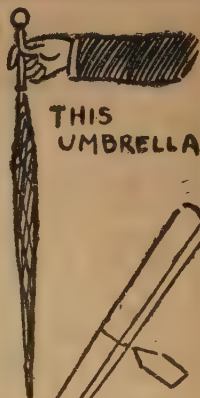
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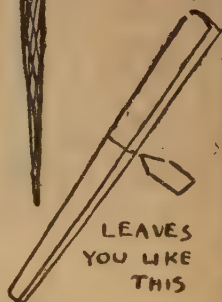
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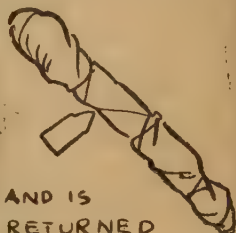
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